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# JUNKWAFEL

by VAUGHN BODÉ

ACK!



PUMP  
UP  
THE  
VOLUME

ADULTS ONLY

NO.3





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THIS BOOK IS FOR DEAN KOONTZ and ALAN LEMOND



# THE MASKED LIZARD

BY VAUGHN  
BODE



## A GENERAL INTRODUCTION FOR THE LAYMAN TO 'HOMO INTELLIGENS LIZARDUS'

WE BEGIN BY STATING HOW VERY RARE THIS PARTICULAR SPECIES OF LIZARD IS. AS FAR AS IS KNOWN, THIS IS THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND ON EARTH. THAT THE REPTILE COMES FROM ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM IS ESTABLISHED FACT, ALTHOUGH SOME DOUBT EXISTS AS TO THE STAR'S POSITION IN RELATION TO OUR PLANET.

BEFORE THE LIZARD'S HISTORY IS RELATED, LET US CONSIDER, IN LAYMAN'S TERMS OF COURSE, AN ANATOMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL SKETCH.

WE FIND THAT IT STANDS NEARLY 4 FEET IN HEIGHT AND WEIGHS 102 LBS. IT SHOULD ALSO BE NOTED THAT ITS EPIDERMIS IS A PLEASING TROPICAL GREEN.

THE LIZARD'S DIET SEEMS TO CONSIST OF SALADS, ALCOHOL AND NICOTINE IN VARIOUS AMOUNTS. WHY THIS IS, WE CANNOT SAY, HOWEVER ONE NOTED BIOLOGIST RECENTLY SUGGESTED THAT: "THIS ODD DIET QUITE PROBABLY IS REQUIRED BECAUSE OF THE ADVERSE EFFECTS OF EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD ON THE CREATURE'S INTESTINES."

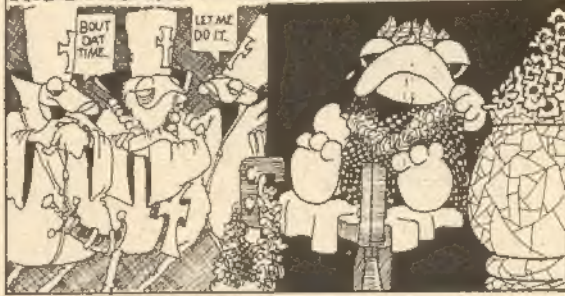
PERSONALLY, I DISAGREE AND THINK IT MAY BE DUE TO MORAL DECAY, BUT THEN THAT IS NOT MY BEST DEPARTMENT EITHER...

WELL, NOW THAT WE HAVE A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LIZARD AS REGARDS ITS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, WE MUST PUSH ON FOR A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.

IT'S JULY 22, 1941 IN THE SYSTEM OF BUN 505, ON THE PLANET, 'SALMANDRIA'...



A LITTLE LIZARD IS HATCHED OUT TO A WORLD OF SUPERSTITION AND DOGMA. HE IS UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE EGG NO. 13 OF BATCH 00Z HE IS IMMEDIATELY SLATED AS A SACRIFICIAL OFFERING TO THE HOLY SUN GOD, 'BELCH'...





A HIGH PRIEST ANOINTS THE LIZARD CHILD, STUFFS HIM INTO THE DAILY SACRIFICE SHELL AND FIRES HIM OFF THE PLANET INTO THE SUN. FATE IS BY THE SAINTLY REPTILE'S SIDE FOR AT ONE POINT A METORITE BOUNCES THE CAPSULE OUT OF ITS PREDESTINED COURSE...



TIME PASSES AS THE SHELL BUMPS ALONG ACROSS THE CHUBBYNESS OF SPACE. THE LIZARD SLEEPS. THEN SUDDENLY, FIVE YEARS LATER, A NEW SOLARHOOD IS ENTERED AND THE SMALL SHIP IS SOON CAPTURED IN THE EARTH'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD!!



ON NOV. 4, 1946 AT 3 A.M. GREENWICH TIME, THE SPACE CAPSULE CRASHES THROUGH THE DOME OF THE SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY OBSERVATORY, KILLING AN OBSCURE PROFESSOR, AND IMBEDS ITSELF IN THE CAMPUS SEWER SYSTEM!!



SO, YEARS FLEW BY AND THE LIZARD GREW FROM A MERE ORPHAN INTO A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE OF HIS RACE. HE CAME TO LOVE THE ABOMINABLE SEWERS AS HOME AND WAS EVEN ABLE TO EDUCATE HIMSELF BY LISTENING TO ECHOED LECTURES AND READING VARIOUS PRINTED REFUSE THAT FREQUENTLY IS WASHED INTO THE SYSTEM...



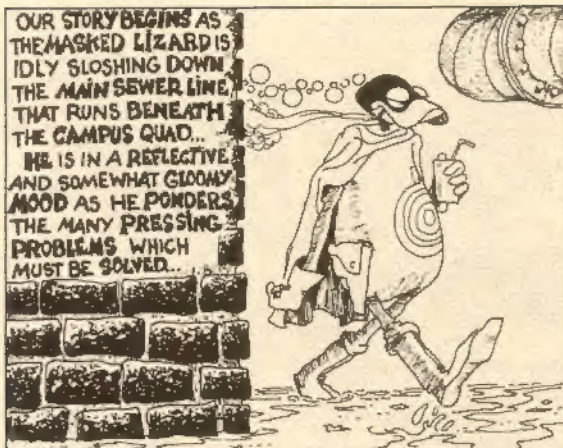
HE RENOVATED A PORTION OF UNFINISHED CESS-POOL AND THERE WASTED HIS ENERGY ON STUDIOUS PERSUITS UNTILL ONE NIGHT HE IS APPROACHED BY THE GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION CALLED THE U.S.C.I.A. THEY ENLIST THE LIZARD AS A SECRET AGENT WITH A LICENCE TO KILL!!!



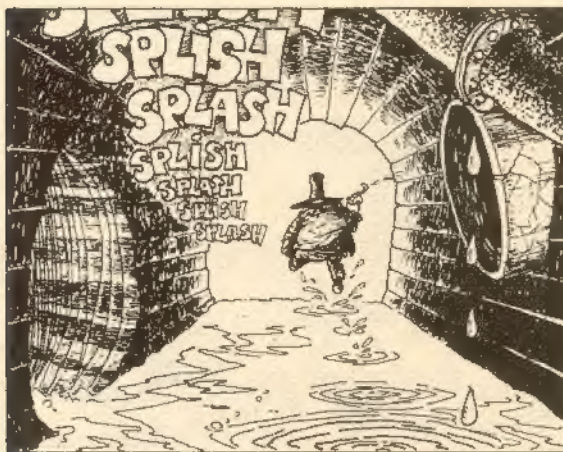
FOR TWO YEARS NOW, THE LIZARD HAS LABORED DILIGENTLY WITH THE U.S.C.I.A., ELIMINATING ALL FORMS OF SOCIALLY OR POLITICALLY UNDESIRABLE CHARACTERS. THEY SWEAR THAT HIS LOYALTY WILL NOT GO UNNOTICED, THAT INDEED HE ONE DAY SHALL BECOME A FULL FLEGGED CITIZEN OF THESE UNITED STATES!! THAT IN ITSELF DOESN'T PARTICULARLY IMPRESS HIM, BUT IT'S SOMETHING NICE FOR LIZARDS. THE U.S.C.I.A. CHIEF, HARRY VAN LOON, HAS ONLY ONE PROBLEM WITH HIS SPECIAL AGENT AND THAT IS THE LIZARD'S IMPOSSIBLE SUPERMAN COMPLEX. WE FIND THAT OUR HERO HAS DONED A SUIT AN CAPE AND NOW GOES BY THE NAME OF: **THE 'MASKED LIZARD'!!**



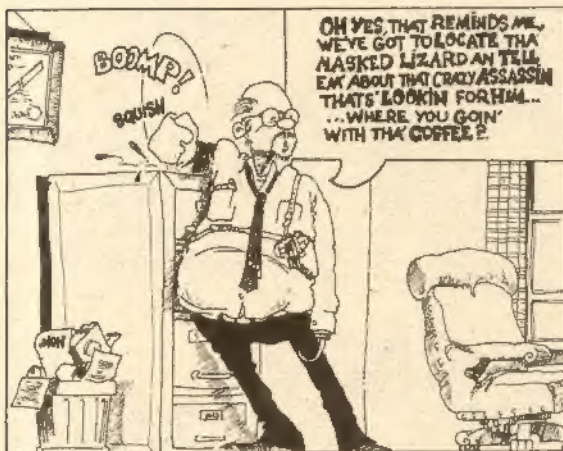
OUR STORY BEGINS AS THE MASKED LIZARD IS IDLY SLOSHING DOWN THE MAIN SEWER LINE, THAT RUNS BENEATH THE CAMPUS QUAD... HE IS IN A REFLECTIVE AND SOMEWHAT GLOOMY MOOD AS HE PONDERES THE MANY PRESSING PROBLEMS WHICH MUST BE SOLVED...



SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT PREVIOUS WARNING!!

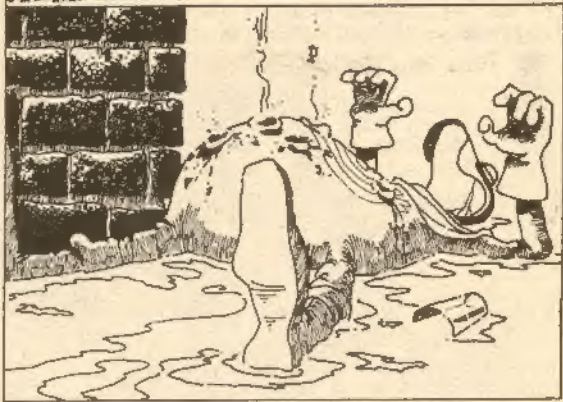


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF THE U.S. CIA ORGANIZATION, A CONVERSATION IS TAKING PLACE!!



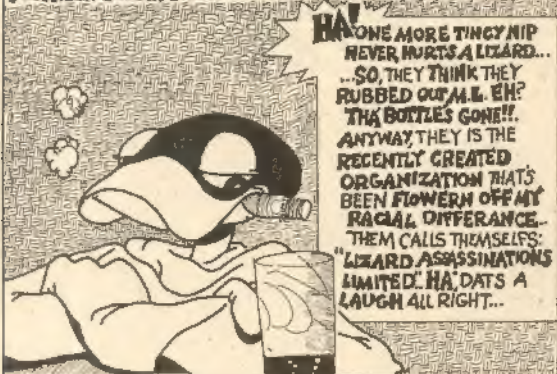
OH YES, THAT REMINDS ME, WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE MASKED LIZARD AN TELL EM ABOUT THAT CRAZY ASSASSIN THAT'S LOOKIN' FOR HIM... ..WHERE YOU GOIN' WITH THAT COFFEE?!

NOW BACK TO THE SEWERS WHERE WE JOIN THE DASHING MASKED LIZARD!!





THE NEXT DAY WE FIND OUR HEROIC REPTILE HAS SURVIVED RECOVERED FROM HIS IMPAIRED WOUNDS... LUCKILY THE FOURTEEN BULLETS MISSED HIS VITAL ORGANS...



**HA!** ONE MORE TINGY NIP NEVER HURTS A LIZARD...  
...SO, THEY THINK THEY RUBBED OUT ALL EH? THE BOTTLES GONE!!  
ANYWAY THEY IS THE RECENTLY CREATED ORGANIZATION THAT'S BEEN FLOWERN OFF MY RACIAL DIFFERENCE...  
THEY CALL THEMSELVES: "LIZARD ASSASSINATIONS LIMITED". HA! DATS A LAUGH ALL RIGHT...

I THINKS I IS GONNA GO PAY L.A. LIMITED A QUIET LITTLE VISIT... MOOHOO! UMM, LET ME SEE HERE, I'LL USE MY TROSTY OLD 9MM GERMAN SCHMESSER. THIS IS THE PARACHUTE MODEL, ACTUALLY YOU CANT BEAT A FOLDING STOCK... THINK I'LL TAKE SEMI-ARMOR PIERCING AMMO **HA!**



HOURS LATER, AFTER THE MASKED LIZARD REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS FROM BUMPING HIS HEAD AGAINST A PARTICULARLY LOW PIPE, WE FIND HE HAS CHANGED INTO HIS FAMOUS DISGUISE AND IS LOADING UP THE 'LIZARD MOBILE'...



HE BOARS OFF THROUGH THE SEWER AND OUT INTO THE SUNLIT WORLD OF HOMOSEXUALS HOMO SAPIENS... THREE FINE, SIX MANHATTANS AND A BLOWN TRANSMISSION LATER HE COMES TO AN UNOBSERVED HALT IN FRONT OF "LIZARD ASSASSINATIONS LIMITED'S" HEADQUARTERS...



DISGUISED AS HE IS, THE MASKED LIZARD SLIPS UNNOTICED INTO THE BUILDING. HE SNEAKS STEALTHLY UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR WHERE A TOP-LEVEL MEETING OF LIZARD ASSASSINS IS TAKING PLACE...



A GREAT CRASH AS THE DOOR IS THROWN OPEN AND THERE STANDS THE MIGHTY MASKED LIZARD IN FULL GLORY!!





WITHOUT RESERVATIONS AND MISGIVINGS THE NOBLE MASKED LIZARD BEGINS A METHODIC MACHINE GUNNING OF L.A. LTD.'S ORGANIC LIMBS AND MEMBERS.



UNFORTUNATELY THE 'SCHMEISSER' JAMS IN MID-KILLING. THE SITUATION HAS BECOME HAIRY! THE MASKED LIZARD WHIPS OUT HIS MODEL 1917 .48 CAL. REVOLVER, TEARING HIS BELOVED U.S.G.I.A. TRENCH COAT!!



A TERRIFIC BATTLE ENSUES! CRASHES, BANGS, SCREAMS AND FLASHES ARE EMITTING FROM THE DARKENED ROOM. THE QUICK THINKING LIZARD CUNNINGLY TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS TO CONFUSE THE ASSASSINS...



AN HOUR LATER, THE LIGHTS COME ON TO REVEAL OUR CONFUSED, DAZED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED REPTILE BUMPING AIMLESSLY AROUND THE ROOM...



THE REMAINING MEMBERS SEIZE THE MASKED LIZARD, NAIL HIM TO THE WALL, STUFF HAND GRENADES IN HIS MOUTH, PULL THE PINS AND TAKE OFF INTO THE DARKNESS...



THE SECOND STORY OF THE ASSASSINS' HEADQUARTERS IS COMPLETELY DECIMATED AS THE TWELVE CONCUSSION GRENADES EXPLODE IN QUICK SUCCESSION WHILE STUFFED IN THE MOUTH OF OUR SAINTLY HERO.





HAPPILY THE DETONATIONS DIDN'T APPRECIABLY DAMAGE ANY OF THE MASKED LIZARD'S INTERNAL ORGANS KEEP IN MIND TOO, THE FACT THAT GRENADES THEORETICALLY EXPLODE OUTWARD...WE PICK UP OUR STORY ON THE FOLLOWING DAY WHERE A MOCK FUNERAL HAS TAKEN PLACE IN ORDER TO LURE THE LAST FANATICS OF L.A. LTD. INTO AMBUSH...THE REPTILE SLYLY WAITS NEAR THE BAIT.



SUDDENLY, AN HOUR LATER THE GUYS ARRIVE TO DESECRATE THE MASKED LIZARD'S SUPPOSED GRAVE...



THEY DESECRATE AWAY, UNTIL ONE CASUALLY OPENS THE GASKET...THE TRUTH IS OUT, HIS GRAVE IS ONLY A FRONT, A DIABOLICALLY CLEVER AMBUSH!!



HOWEVER, AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF BEWILDERMENT THE ASSASSINS DISCOVER THE WAITING PLACE OF THE MASKED LIZARD! IT SEEMS HE HAS GONE TO SLEEP WHILE WAITING TO SPRING HIS CUNNING TRAP..



NATURALLY NO TIME IS WASTED IN DUTIFULLY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION...THEY DISPATCH THE MASKED LIZARD WITH MURDEROUS FIRE FROM THEIR RUSSIAN MODEL 40 MACHINE PISTOLS... THEY BURY THE BODY A FEW MINUTES LATER, HAPPY IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THIS WAS FITTING IRONY FOR THE DUMB LIZARD...



LATE THAT NIGHT, IF ONE HAD CHANCED TO PASS THAT DESOLATE GRAVEYARD, ONE MIGHT HAVE HEARD THE MUFFLED SINGING OF OUR ENTOMBED AGENT...AMEN..

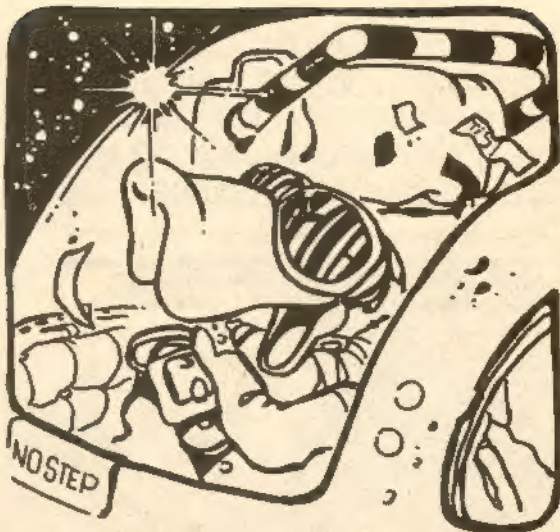


THE END  
CASE NO. 21



# THE MOONS OF VENUS

BODY BEAN NO. 26,  
PLEASE CEASE YER  
MAP SCANNING AND  
RETURN TO SUNPOT.  
ALL OTHER BEANS ARE IN.

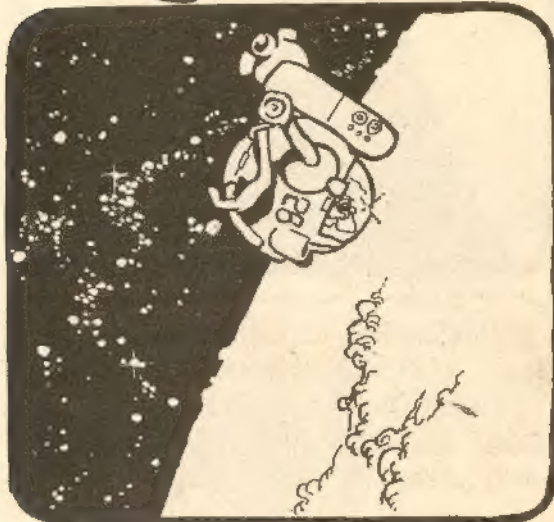


MAN, VENUS!  
BRIGHT AS A  
GLARING WINTER  
SNOWFIELD IN  
DA' AFTERNOON..

NO. 26, WE ARE  
LOSING TRANSMISSION  
LOCK ON YOU! YOU IS  
WAY DA HELL BELOW  
OUR HORIZON...

OKAY, SUNPOT, I  
IS COMING. I JUS'  
WANT TO TAKE ONE  
LAST LOOK SEE. I'LL LIFT  
UP ME SUNGLASSES..

BEAN 26, DON'T  
LOOK AT VENUS WIF  
OUT YOUR DARK  
GOGGLES, YOU SE  
CAN GET SNOW BUND.



SARGH! I CAN'T  
SEE. I IS SNOW BLIND!

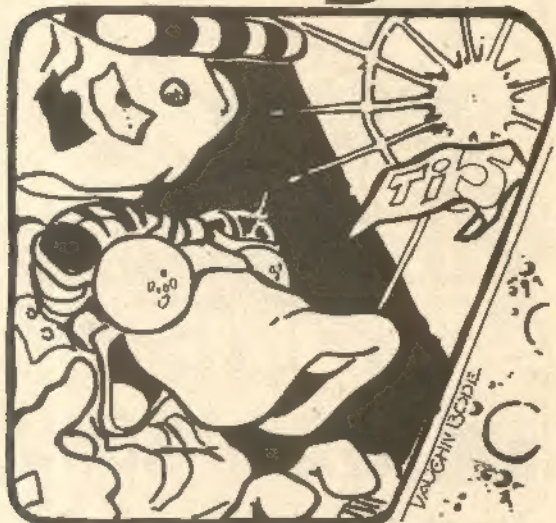
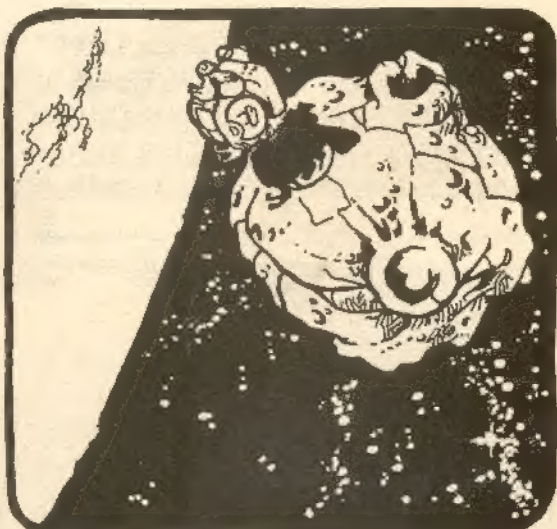


**WOT IS I GONNA DO!! I IS  
BLIND AN I JUST LOST ALL ENERGY  
AN COMMUNICATION TRANSMISSION  
FROM THE SUNPOT PLANET! OH ME... I  
IS DIRELY DOOMED FOR SURE! SNIF?**

**NOW HOLD IT... I GOT TO REMAIN COOL, DAT'S MY  
ONLY CHANCE. OLD LT. RUBBER BERRY DON'T  
GIVE UP ALL DIS EASY.. I HAS ENOUGH FUEL  
ENERGY LEFT TO DOCK ME WIF THE SUNPOT..  
I'LL JUST SCAN AN LISTEN FOR A ECHO TRACK..**



**BEEP BABEEP, HURRAH, I GOT A  
BOUNCING RADIO ECHO!  
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!  
IT A STRONG ONE. STRONG  
ENOUGH DAT I'ZL BE DOCKED  
WIF SUNPOT IN A HALF HOUR.**



**HELLO, SUNPOT.. DIS IS BEAN 26. HELLO..  
HUM... I HAS BEEN DOCKED FOR TWO  
HOURS NOW AN NOBODY HAS  
COME OUT TO GET ME... CLICK, CLICK..  
MAYBE MY RADIO ON DA BLINK.**





SEX STARVED, VALERIE VOX AND HER SLAVE, BUZ HAVE STUMBLED ONTO THE SECRET ORBIT OF HER ARCH-FLAME, CRAB, AND HIS SPACE BALL... VALERIE'S HEAD BOAT MOVES UP TOWARD CRAB'S BIG BALL...

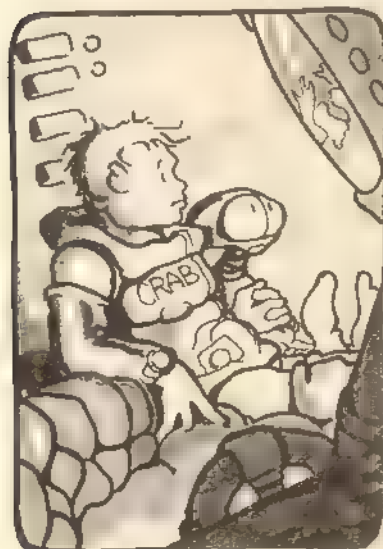
WE ALMOST IN STRIKING RANGE OF CRAB'S BALL, O' FLOWER OF LEATHER AN LACE.

QUIET, SLAVE, OR I'LL WACK YER LITTLE FANNY OFF! WE MUST DISABLE THE BALL ON OUR FIRST SHOT.



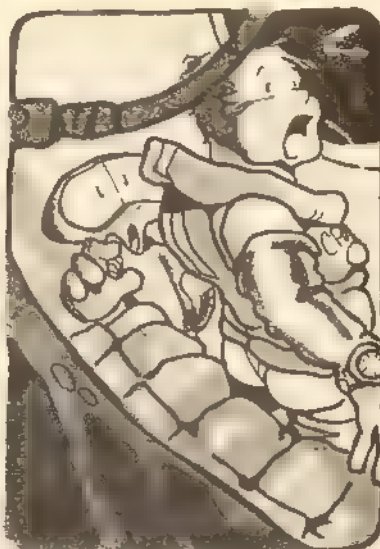
BOOL PICTOGRAPHY ©

THE FAMOUS SPACE-SMO, CRAB, IS UNAWARE OF VALERIE VOX AND HER HEAD BOAT CRAB AND HIS ROBOT BUDDY ARE WATCHING PORNOGRAPHY FILMS OF HIS LATEST CONQUEST: A BLUE-ASS FUNG WOMAN FROM BETA 5.



I SURE WISH I HAD SEX ORGANS, CRAB.

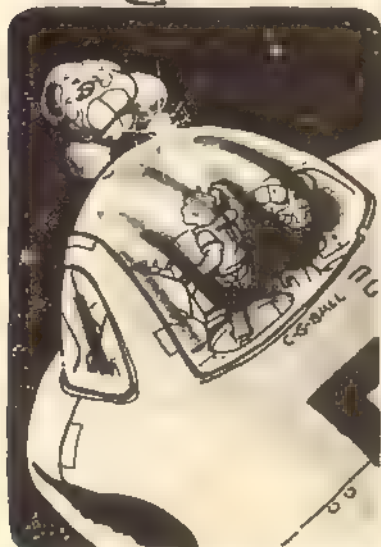
DON'T SWEAT IT, TINDUK, IT'S NOT ALL ITS CRACKED UP TO BE INVOLVEMENTS, VD, ALL THAT...



BONG BONG BONG CHRIST THE ALARM. WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!!



**GOOD GOD, IT'S DAMN  
VALERIE VOX AN SHE'S IN  
OUR FIELD SCREEN! TINDUK,  
EMERGENCY ACCELERATION!  
LET'S HAWLASS !!**



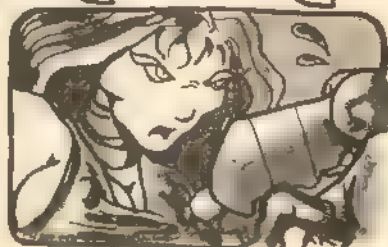
**SHOOT YOU  
PIG SWINE!  
CRAB'S GETTING  
AWAY FROM ME!**

**ALL RIGHT,  
OF COURSE  
O'SLUCKY  
SMOOTH  
RUBBER  
QUEEN!**



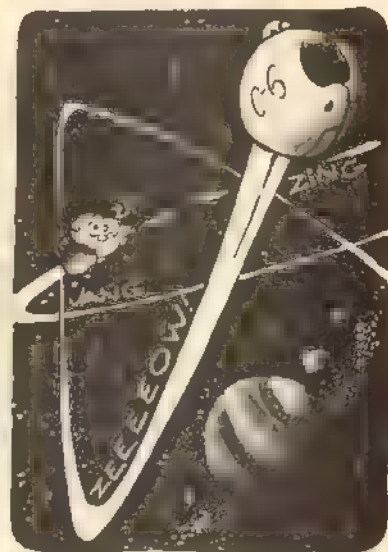
**YOU MISSED,  
PIG'S ASS, YOU  
MISSED !!**

**IT'S YER MOUNDS  
MISTRESS, I IS  
FETISHED FOR EM!**



**AFTER HIM  
YOU SUMEY  
PISS ANT!**

**I DESERVED  
DAT BEATING.  
I REALLY DID...  
SNIF!**



**WOP OUTH  
WOP OOH, EEE,  
WACK ARGH!**

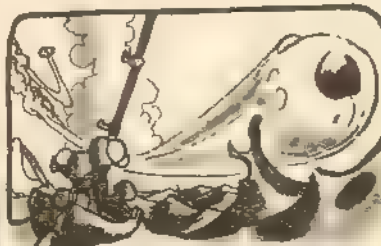
**THE SPACECHASE IS ON! CRAB'S  
BALL ZIPS, DARTS, ZOOMS AND ZINGS,  
BUT VALERIE'S HEADBOAT HANGS  
RIGHT IN THERE, BLASTING AND  
ZITTING AWAY HOPING TO SCORE  
A DISABLING HIT!**



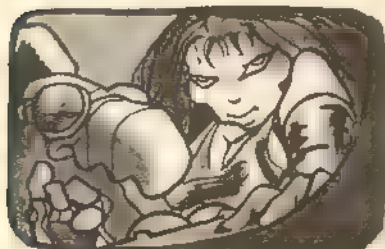
THE POWERFUL SHIPS ROAR ALL OVER SPACE, CAREENING AROUND ASTEROIDS AND PLOWING THROUGH METEOR DUST! IN DESPERATION, CRAB DIVES HIS INFERIOR BALL INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF A NEARBY PLANET!!

CRAB'S BALL GLOWS WHITE HOT AS IT SKIMS AN ALIEN OCEAN AT 98,000 MILES AN HOUR! VALERIE IS RIGHT BEHIND.

CRAB'S BALL SMACKS ACROSS THE OCEAN AND RICOCHETS LIKE A BIG STONE HIGH OUT INTO SPACE...THE VIOLENT MANEUVERS KNOCK OUT THE FAMOUS STUD AND SHORT-CIRCUIT HIS ROBOT PAL. VALERIE IS RIGHT BEHIND.



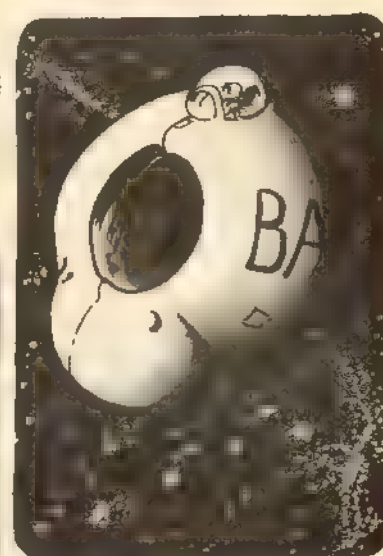
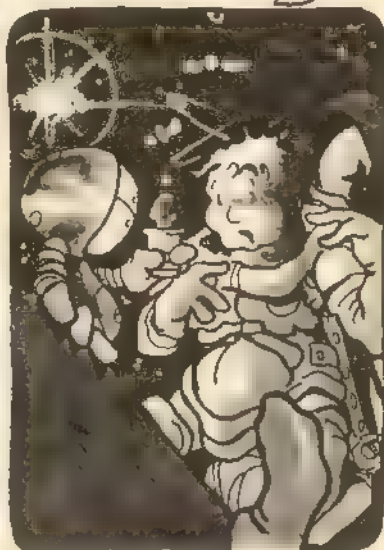
**BANG!** WE'RE HIT. THINK THE CONTROLS IS OUT!



ONE OR TWO HOURS LATER, CRAB CRAWLS OUT OF THE DIM RECESSES OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

OOH, MY HEAD. HOLY CHRIST. VALERIE VOX MUST HAVE GOT US!!

AND NOW, BUZ, YOU MAY INSERT THE HEADBOAT INTO CRAB'S BALL...



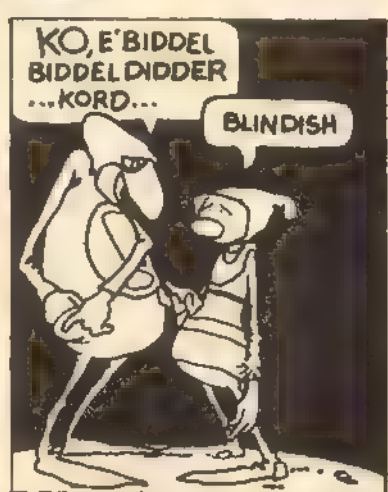
SHE GOT US ALL RIGHT, CRAB, BUT NOW SHE'S GONE AGAIN.

**GOD DAMN!** THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THIS YEAR SHE'S GOT MY SHIP PREGNANT!



# GLINE

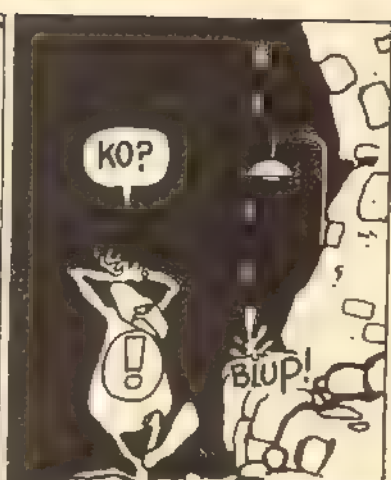
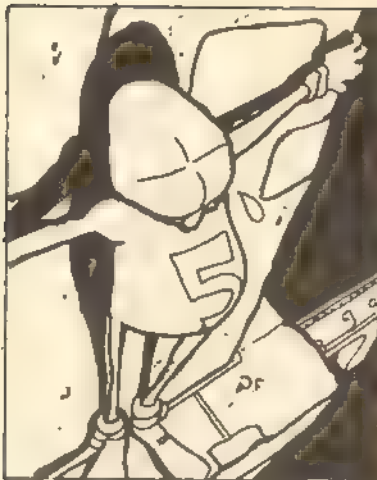
OREXTRATERRESTRIAL  
OCCURRENCES



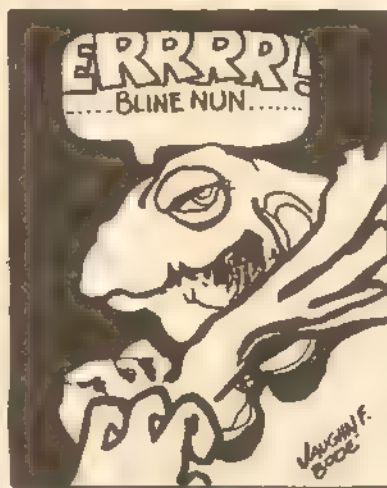




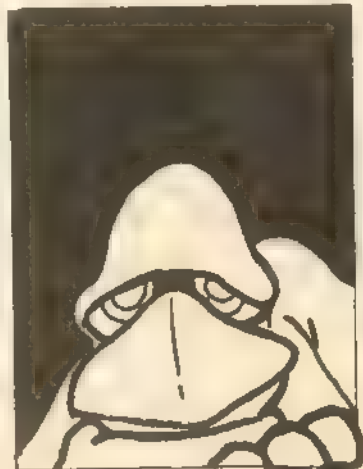












## AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

Most of you know me, or have read my cartoons for the past three years. I think I can safely say you know me well enough to realize that I would never put on. I mean, when I write something for your consumption, you can rely on its serious origins.

What I am about to report to you is as important and truthful as my very life. What I will write to you is the truth behind my giving up cartooning and becoming a respected illustrator and writer! Yes, for the first time, I make public the shocking story that changed my whole way of life.

It all started last year. I quit Syracuse University in 1966 to work as an art director for a local public relations company. The money was fantastic and I was happy with the campaign, although I can't recall the name of it. We did a comic book, a show display and sixty second commercial.

Now at the same time, I began to illustrate stories and covers for a famous science fiction publisher. By May of 1967, I felt I was on my way to that one great goal: a ranch house with two cars. But something happened to change all my plans for my wife, my son and myself.

I was on my way to Auburn, New York when I saw a beautiful silo. One of those great blue-black ones that turn you on curiosity-wise.

I was awed by the obvious suggestiveness of the huge thing. I began to think of a cartoon strip based on the silo as a god-like structure and was so engrossed with the idea, I hardly noticed the threatening thunderheads blanketing the sky.

I found an iron-rung ladder that is always built into a silo, and I climbed it. By the time I was on top of the half-open dome, the rain was lashing the area. The storm increased to ferocious intensity and lightning began to lick the nearby hills like a testy snake. But I was in the throes of a creative experience. I didn't take heed of the danger about me. On the contrary, I stood up and brandished my umbrella to the clouds and shouted earth-shaking things at the sky! I won't repeat them here since they were of a personal and rather mystical nature.

If I remember correctly, it was a few seconds later that a healthy lightning bolt hit me. It was so powerful a force that it illuminated the landscape for hundreds of yards in all directions.

I stood for a moment like a glassy-eyed statue then toppled silently into the silo. It happened as I lay smoldering in a pile of last year's corn husks. I was mumbling something when suddenly there was a voice in my head! It was terribly static-laced at first, but within a couple of minutes, I heard it clearly. I identified it with the character voice of Don Adams. It had a Prussian drawl. "Javowl," it said, "my contact,



can you hear me? Testing, 1, 2, 3."

"What! My God!" I gasped. "I'm making some sort of radio contact with an alien voice!" I struggled out of the silo into the drumming rain. I wandered about looking for my V.W., couldn't find it, so I decided to stagger back to Syracuse to tell my wife I had radio contact with something. Messages were coming in regularly as I stumbled into Camillus. I tried to tell people, but they pulled away from me, fire-blackened bundle that I was.

"Listen," I shouted. "I have contact with something! Radio contact in my head!" You try to lay the truth on suburbanites and they panic right off. Their screams brought a policeman out of a little luncheonette. He stepped into the street with his .38 special leveled at my frizzy head.

"Now jus' hold it there, Nutsy, or I'll have ta blow ya up," he said calmly. He must not have realized the greatness of the moment because he shot me when I jubilantly rushed him.

I woke up in the hospital and thought that it was all a dream. I told my wife about it and we had a good laugh. It was obviously the shock of getting fried by a lightning bolt that temporarily deranged my extremely, well-organized brain.

Within a week, I was my old self again, thanks to morphine and luscious physical therapists. I recovered so well that I planned on getting to work on the safety campaign as soon as I got home.

In June, the radio messages started again.

I know you will believe me because you are not gullible people. You are, in fact, such a choice audience that I can trust you with this information and feel secure that you will not let my report get into the hands of various enemy agents that are watching you this very second.

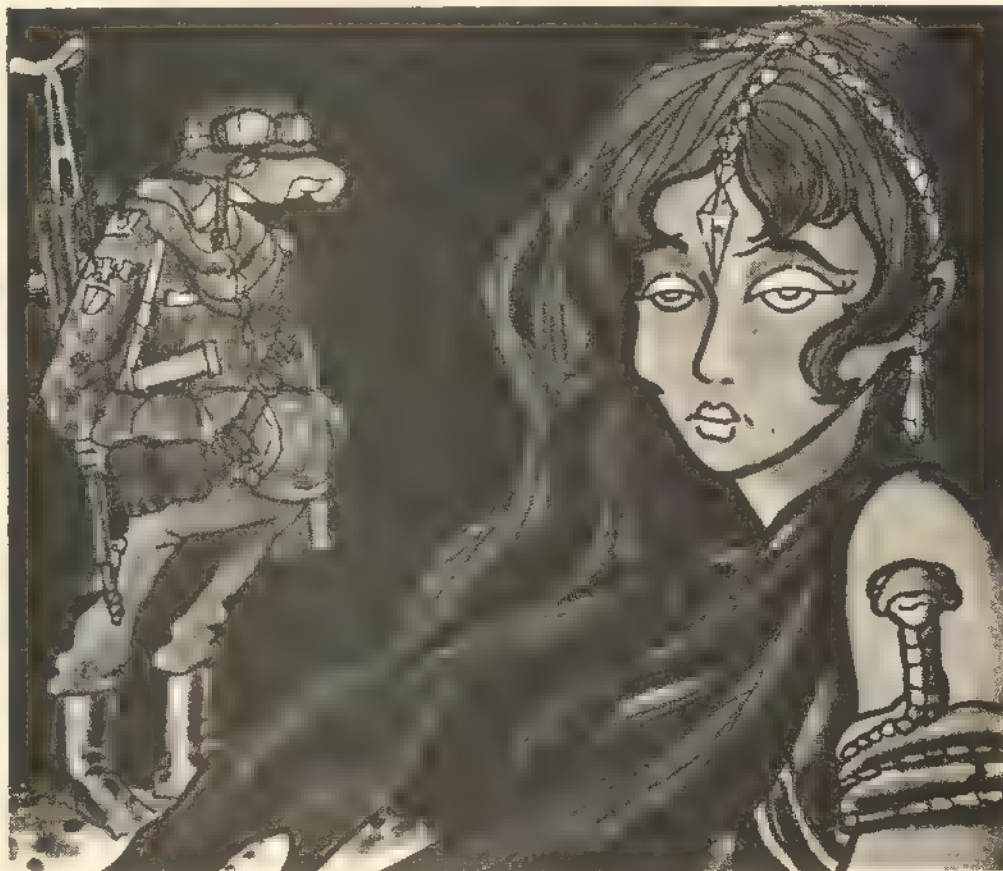
As the communications continued, I came to realize that I must donate my life to this unique window into space. First, I began to jot down notes, but the flow of ritual information about this extra-terrestrial life form came so often that I started dictating it into a tape recorder.

I quit my art director position and decided to go back to college where I would be surrounded by educated and understanding minds. Minds that can accept the fact that some people do indeed hear radio messages in their heads.

By September, 1967, I realized I must stop my cartooning altogether. It was a bad influence. People wouldn't believe a cartoonist's messages, but they would believe a writer-illustrator who signs his real name to things.

So, I here make the great sacrifice. I cast aside the cloak of cartoonist and claim your attention and belief as one adult to another, as an historian to a librarian, as a serious researcher to a sponge.

# THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS NO.1



Wireless communications  
between the planet Plump-  
stickel 5 and Vaughn Bode's  
head. Covering a period of  
13 days from July 22nd to  
August 3, 1967.

Related and expanded by  
**VAUGHN  
FREDRIC  
BODE'**



# THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS



On July 22nd, I received the first transmission of report number one. It was the strongest signal yet and came from the new radio dish station on Mummy Crumb Island. I will try to reproduce it and the accompanying picture as well I can:

"Greetings to the United States of Deluth. I am Dr. Hornborn, a bi-pod lizard of the Junkwaffel race. It is a real thrill to be able to speak to you via Bode's head and I only wish you could communicate with us here on the planet, Plumpstickel 5."

At this point, transmission was broken by an electrical occurrence out beyond Crab Nebula. The forces of outer space make a 200 light-year contact very difficult to maintain despite my permanent, orbit-compensating lock on the Great Lizard World. About six oclock that evening, the occurrence was over and I picked up the following:

"U.S.D., this is Junkwaffel Station CIY VICTOR 7 . . . Oh, bird drops, I can't pick dat guy up."

An upsurge of static washed them out for an hour. I took another aspirin to dull the painful head noise and sat stoicly in my barkalounge waiting. I was suddenly aware that I was receiving a clear mental photograph! I grabbed a pad of bristol board and drew the picture from memory. "We are sending you a picture of Dr. Hornborn," said a tiny voice.

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July 23rd, I received the station loud and clear. I sat back and recorded:

"That was a nasty space storm on our side of the Crab Nebula," Dr. Hornborn said in his Don Adams voice, "but it's blown over and we can get down to business."

"You want to relate, Doctor? I'm listening," I said.

"Ah, no," Hornborn said. "I have been asked to get a bunch of military secrets from you. We could certainly use them, some napalm recipes, couple of mental pictures of A-bombs. You know, that sort of thing."

I was uneasy at such a request. "Why do you need that stuff?" I asked politely.

"What do you mean, why?" he answered. "We got a war on, Baby, and we are a status-quo civilization, incapable of advancing beyond certain points in scientific development. We fly the Schmitt 109, the equivalent of your German Messerschmitt, I believe, and yet we have space travel!"

"Maybe you need a new airplane designer," I said testily.

"Oh, Beesmont!" Hornborn swore, "We have a hundred airplane designers. The only problem is they can't conceive of a design different than the Schmitt 109."







"Anyway, Doctor," I said stuffy like, "I'm afraid I can't let you have military plans. My government frowns on that sort of thing."

"So does mine," Hornborn said, "As a matter of fact, we'd shoot you just for asking for our 109 plans."

"But I have the plans for a German 109," I replied, "why would I want yours. To our civilization that's an antique."

"We'd shoot you anyway," the Doctor said smoothly. "Bang, right between the eye."

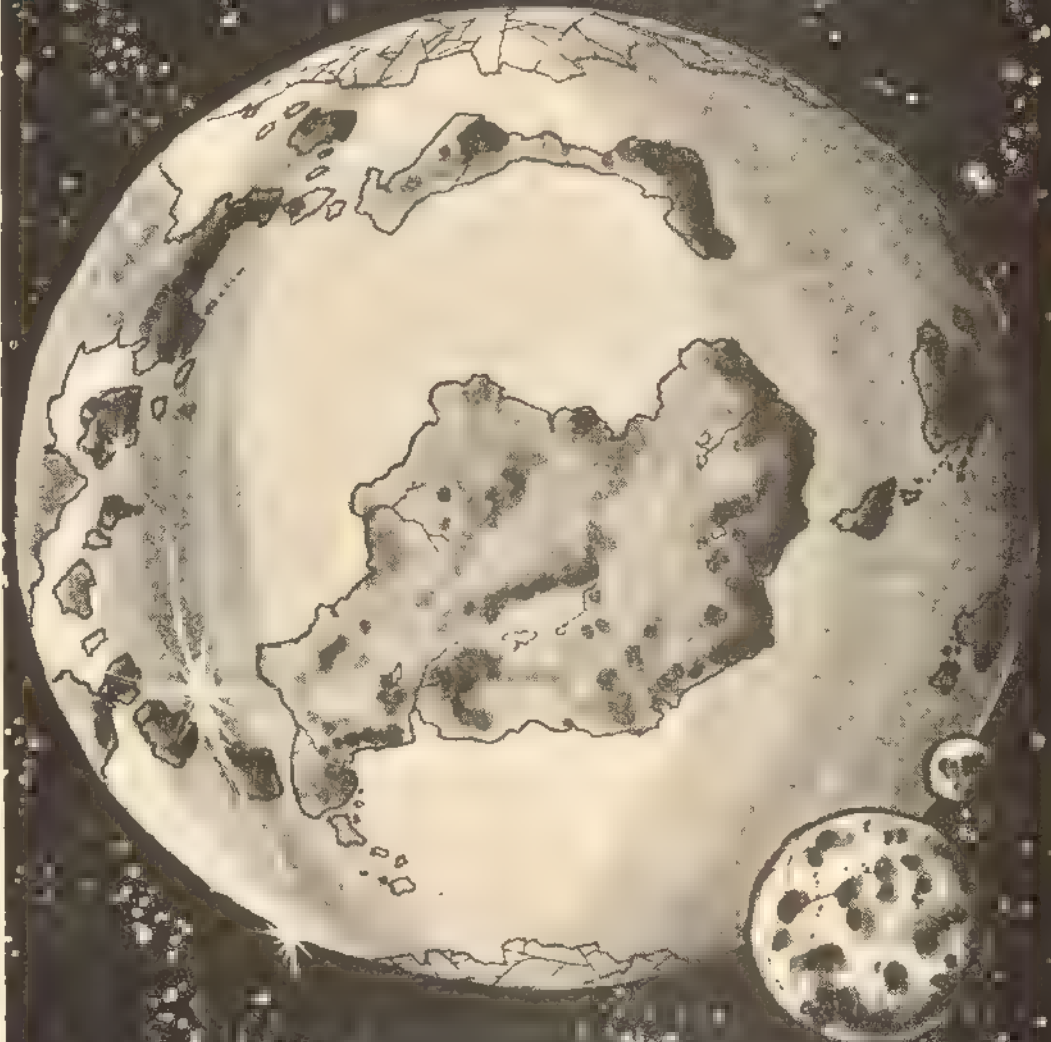
"Eyes," I replied tiredly. "We have two eyes, a nose, mouth, teeth, and hair."

"You have two ears stickin' on the sides of the ugly mess, too," Hornborn shuddered.

I got out my copy of "A Pictorial History of World War II Air Forces in Combat." I flipped to page 330 and sent Hornborn a mental picture of the two A-bombs. There was silence for a minute and I listened to sporadic pops and crackles of static far out in space. I was idly leafing through the book when he came on again. "Ah," he said. "The bombs are nice and we could possibly sub-contract their production to a more facile group but the Air Force experts here would rather have the napalm."

"Nothing doing," I said patriotically. "Napalm is America's, like apple pie."

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On July 25th I received a full-page map of the planet, Plumpstickel 5, which I reproduce here to the best of my ability.



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Because I refused to give out the secrets of Napalm, the Junkwaffel lizards stayed off the air for two days. I was sure this was Dr. Hornborn's attempt to punish my stubbornness. July 28th, I was in my Intermediate Design class when I received a message. 'Sending Tec. Rudolph Raspberry here,' he said. 'I've a message for you from the Junkwaffel Minister of War.'

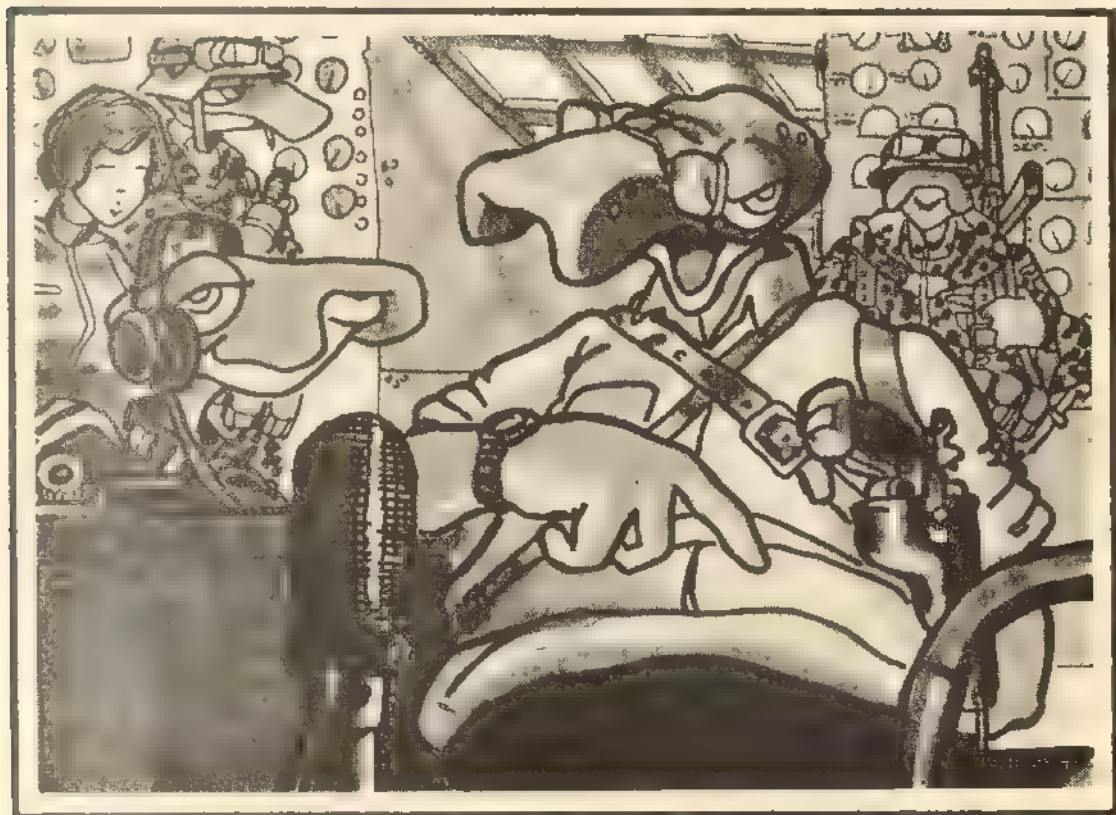
"Mister Blobee," said another voice. "You are hereby formally charged with the capital offense of espionage against the state."

I put my paintbrush in the watercan and felt myself burn with repressed anger. "Get outta my head!" I yelled, and smacked my hand to my forehead in symbolic protest. All it did was hurt, and the teacher gave me an automatic "D" with his eyes for telling him to get out of my head.

"What the Hell do you think you're doing?" shouted a static-clouded voice. "You blew out sixteen condensers and popped the Minister's eardrum!"

"Who is this?" I snapped. "Where is Dr. Hornborn anyway?"

The voice drifted off to an inaudible whisper and I had to repeat myself. The power station seemed to be faltering, then they washed back for a moment. "Captain Raspberry and Dr. Hornborn is . . . raggle pop!" The voice died out completely, leaving only space junk sounds.





The lizards didn't broadcast for three more days. If they did, I couldn't pick up their signals. I probed around a little but found nothing except a few minor radio storms banging around some binary star system.

August 1st I was driving my VW downtown to the Veterans Administration when they started jamming my head! There was a loud whine then a crackling roar so intense that I drove my car through a store window and was buried in two tons of Robin Hood flour. A special sale I didn't miss. I lept out of the little red car and flew madly down the aisles leaving a great sifting cloud of white flour. The jamming was a painful experience, akin to having your muscle tendons slowly pulled apart with tongs.

I ran several blocks before the noise stopped and let me catch my breath. Downtowners just stood and gaped at me with their fat bags. I coughed out a puff of flour and went into a bookstore. "Hey, Booty," said a radio voice in my head. "That was just a taste of bitters."

I was still groggy from the ugly experience. I stood white and glaring blankly at the store clerk who backed into his cigar rack. "May . . . may I help you," the clerk stammered.

"Get outta my head!" I yelled at the distant radio station.



## THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

I was standing mutely before the traffic judge, listening to him extol the virtues of safe drivers like his caddy and generally putting me down, when I got another call from my head. "Body," it said, "this is Capt. Raspberry. It has been decided by due process of Junkwaffel military law that you are guilty as charged and it is my duty to perform mind execution on you at 2400 hours your time."

"Guilty?" I said. "Of what? Of getting hit in the head by a lightning bolt?" My irony was lost on Raspberry, that slimy little lizard.

"Your irony wasn't lost on me, Flat Face," came the retort. "But whom am I to question, the military?" He clicked something, then continued. "At any rate, you are guilty of espionage in time of war and I'll have to blow out your mind in twelve hours."

"Great," I said. "Thanks a lot you cruddy reptile!" The judge, the stenographer and the Sergeant at Arms were glowering at me. I realized I had spoken out loud. "Uh, sir," I said as adultly as I could. "There's this radio station in my head."

"You are extremely rude, young man," snapped the judge. "I was letting you off easy, but now there will be a fifty-dollar Contempt of Court charge."

"I don't have any money," I pleaded hopelessly, jingling my lunch money.

"You have till 12 Midnight to get it!" the judge yelled.





I wandered out of the Public Safety Building and went over to a well-known five and dime store for a greasy hamburg and oily coke. I was looking at the coke- oil slick and thinking of German U-boats, and dying in general, when I thought I heard a familiar voice. I turned around expectantly but it was just an ugly old hag pushing revival tracts. I took the one she offered and dunked it in my coke. She ignored the gesture. "A dime," she croaked and held out a magazine of salvation. "Gimme a dime." I took out my remaining change, enough for a bus ride and gave it to her. She scooped it up and skittered off without another thought about my soul.

"Oh, man," I thought. "I'm getting down in the dumps. I gotta perk up. Look at the brighter side of things." I folded the magazine into a sleek Delta wing fighter, drew a couple of Jewish stars on the wings and fired it at the waitress' behind. She yelped and I felt a little better. I went to the bookstore and thumbed through a few children's books that I admired. I put a set on lay-a-way.

I walked the five miles to my apartment. When I got there I put my two records on, turned the stereo up full blast and waited for a stomp from upstairs. I have a hundred records, but I only play two. My wife and son were off to Utica, so I sat in my lounge and waited for twelve.





At 11:00 my hands were trembling and I even considered breaking my resolution about never smoking again because of the danger of cancer.



At 11:45 my head crackled. A message was coming in, but it sounded strange—unlike the radio station on Mummy Crab Island.

"Hello," said a tiny, but instantly recognizable voice. "Hello," Boobie, do you read me? It is I, Dr. Hornborn speaking."

"I read you 5x5, Doc," I drawled nastily. "You came around just in time to see your buddies crumple my mind like tinfoil."

"No, you misunderstand," Hornborn said urgently. "I'm on your side, boy."

"Big deal," I sneered. "My side's about to become a cabbage patch thanks to you and your A-bomb pics."

"Botty, will you shut up for two seconds?" he screamed. "I have a plan!"

I sat bolt upright, hope surging through my heart.

"Listen," he continued, "I am the leader of a revolutionary underground movement and we are poised, so to speak, on the brink of glorious destiny. At my command, over three million lizards will topple the present anti-everything regime!" He stopped and gasped for breath. "Anyway, we require your help. We can't possibly do it without your special lightning-activated powers."

"Me," I said, astonished. "What the hell can I do?"

"Don't you understand yet, Bobby?" he pleaded. "The whole thing is a setup. I planned the entire thing! I framed you from here so they would execute you!"



## THE JUNKWAFFEL PAPERS

"I still don't get it," I said, dazed. "I know you set me up, but for what?"

"Your power, you idiot!" Hornbern screamed. "When they try to jam your mind out of existence, they will be feeding out 86 per cent of their total energy capacities. A nation-wide blackout will exist while they execute you. That's when we strike!" He finished, "Great plan, huh?"

"Beautiful. It chokes me all up, you rotten little toad!" I yelled at him. "You get everything at my expense!"

"Well," he said, "listen to this for split second timing. Your mind can take exactly 2.5 minutes of jam pressure before you collapse into the realm of vegetable matter. At exactly 2.1 minutes into the execution, our Airborne troops will knock out the Mummy Crumb Station and save you!"

"Oh, hip, hip, hurray," I said coldly. "That gives your bungling, half-wit frogs a whole .4 minutes to whisk me out of the arms of big caddy oblivion!"

"Why are you so upset," the doctor said sportingly. "Those are the kind of odds you can really sink your teeth into. A real frog's odds, I mean a lizard's odds. Ooops," he said, "look at the time. 11:55 already. I must ring off and start the coup." He was gone with a click.





11:59—a cheery voice rolls into my head from the other side of the galaxy. "Captain Raspberry, your executer, here. You ready for the big trip, Brodie?"

"You little agle worm," I cursed. "If I could just get my . . ."

"Sorry, chum," he interrupted. "12:00, time to shove off." He began clicking things. A wall of sound, with a speed one million times greater than light, bashed into my head with such tremendous force that it blew out all my fillings! I went rigid like a cement block as the engulfing avalanche of sound crushed down on me. My blood began to boil, and steam hissed out my ears.

The pressure continued to mount and pass unbelievable intensities. I felt my brain cells begin to pop like little air bubbles in gum. I knew the end was coming within two seconds! I mean I knew I could take exactly two more seconds! "This is it," my mind screamed. "Those rotten, lousy toads."

And then, like a wave washing back into the sea, the sound ran backwards and away, down the scale of intensity until a cool wind from our living room window wafted across my lobster-cooked face.

It was gone. Those half-wit airberne frogs had done it! I was sore all over, like I had fallen off a mountain, but was still alive.



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August 2nd I stayed in bed recovering from my ordeal. I had no word from the lizard planet. Just deep space static. All that day I waited tensely for news of the faraway revolution. Did they win? At first, I thought they must have triumphed because I was alive, but a little logic told me one station raided successfully was by no means a total victory.

August 13th my wife took me to the dentist and he did what he could for my erupted cavities. On the way home, I received a message. "Hello, Body," a voice said. "This is Sgt. Raspberry, how you feeling?"

"Just fine, you roach," I retorted. My hopes for Dr. Hornborn dwindled. "What happened to the revolution, Raspberry?" I said hesitantly.

"The Prime Minister wishes to speak to you Booty, just a moment while I switch to 'Derklousen Pop Palace'." There was an all too ugly clicking sound. Then, "Bode, boy!" yelled a jubilant voice. "We did it."

I smiled despite myself. Hornborn was one dynamic lizard all right. "Congratulations, Doc," I said.

Hornborn became serious a moment. "Listen, Botty, I was talking to a group of scientists a few minutes ago. They have come up with a workable theory that . . . uh . . . well, let me put it this way . . . how would you like to come up here for a visit?"

